WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 26 —VOL. XVII NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1805. NO. 860.

PERIANDER OF CORINTH:
OR,
REVENGE.

Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.

(CONCLUDED)

HE then collected the few soldiers who remained faithful to him, and went on board the ship in which his treasures were. He threatened the Corinthians that he would soon return with new raised troops; and encouraging his soldiers with great promises, set sail, steering his course for Asia, where he expected to be able to raise an army.

As the vessel passed near Samos, the sight of which island reminded him of the death of his son, and the disappointment of his revenge, he cast a gloomy look on Polycrates—

'There,' said he, in his former haughty and tyrannical tone, 'there is Samos!' adding, with a menacing frown, 'I will never forgive thee for failing in the execution of my orders, and disappointing my vengeance.'

In the night, Polycrates, and some of his friends, seized Periander in his bed; and thrusting a cloth into his mouth, forced him upon the deck

'We will no longer tremble before thee, tyrant!' said Polycrates; and immediately they plunged him into the waves below.

The sea was calm, and Periander, exerting all his strength, swam towards a light which he perceived at a distance. It belonged to a fishing boat, which he reached, and was taken on board. The fishermen having taken a great quantity of fish in the night, rowed, towards morning to the shore. The proud sovereign of Corinth now found himself half naked, without companion or friend, in a foreign country—in Samos.

He proceeded forwards to find some hospitable cottage. In a field of wheat was Agathon with his laborers; who, as soon as he saw the stranger, ran to him and said, 'Who are you, poor man?'

Periander dared not tell his name; but answered, that he was a merchant of Athens, and that his sailors had thrown him into the sea to obtain his wealth. Agathon did not know him, for care and grief had entirely changed the features of Periander: his full and ruby cheeks had become thin and pale, and his fierce and menacing eye mild and supplicatory. A mantle was soon brought for the stranger, and meat was set before him. About noon, when he had refreshed himself and recovered his strength, Agathon conducted him to his cottage.

When Periander approached the grove, Melissa came out with her child in her arms to meet her husband. 'O my dearest Tyche!' exclaimed Agathon, for that was the name which Melissa had now assumed. Periander surveyed the young woman with astonishment, for he thought he saw his own daughter Melissa. He walked by the side of her in mournful silence.—As often as she spoke, the well known tone of her voice reached his heart; but his daughter was dead, and this young woman was named Tyche.

At length they all sat down to a simple meal. Periander admired the calm affection, the heartfelt confidence, and full content of this happy pair. At the end of their meal, Melissa took the cup and said:

'May the gods bestow tranquillity on my father!'

She then looked at the old man, her guest, at whose resemblance to her father she was astonished. With tears in her eyes, she then said,

'Agathon, I still love my aged unfortunate father. Alas! did he but know what happiness love and retirement can bestow, he would'—— She said no more.

'And who is your father?' asked the old man, trembling as he uttered the words.

Melissa hastily rose when she heard him speak, raised her hands, and, stretching them towards him.

'Agathon!' exclaimed she, 'surely I know that voice!'

'What is thy real name?' said Periander with still greater emotion.

'Melissa!'

The old man started up.

'Oh, ye gods!' exclaimed he: 'I am the unfortunate Periander!'

The father and daughter long remained locked in each other's embraces. They then mutually related their adventures. Blushing, for the first time, with repentance, Periander heard speak of himself; and now, for the first time, felt the happiness of love, of confidence, and of virtue. He had resided some days in the cottage of Agathon when the report reached it, of the death of the tyrant Periander. He heard it with a smile, embraced his daughter, and said:

'It is true: Periander is dead. I am now only a feeble old man, who has first learned to live when but one step distant from the grave.'

He did learn to live. The domestic happiness of his children, the profound respect they shewed to him, and their confidential love of each other, every day made a deeper impression on his heart. Agathon made him overseer of his slaves, and he treated them with more humanity than he had formerly some of the noblest Corinthians. In the evening, amid the last rays of the declining sun, while he played with his grandchildren, with his grey hairs crowned with roses, no person who saw him could have believed that he had been the tyrant of Corinth.

'But,' he would say, 'how much has it cost me, before I became a man?—A beloved wife, two sons, and a throne.'

JESSY HAWTHORN.

(From the Tourifications of Malachi Meldrum.)

* * * * * * *

—WHEN I am laid low, in the grave, and thy father beside me, remember Harry, if she lives, to cherish the melancholy ruins of Jessy Hawthorn. She was the fairest semblance of goodness and beauty I ever beheld; and she is now the most striking monument of the power of sorrow, I trust, I shall ever see."

He was wiping away the tear which trickled down his cheek, and endeavoring to proceed, when Jessy entered the room. I never noticed her with so much attention before. There was a settled melancholy upon her countenance; and her manner, though neither violent nor fantastic, was somewhat wild and disordered. But pity was the least tribute the heart would pour out before her. Her features, though they had long lost the warm softness of youth, and the inspiring glow of vivacity, were still very tenderly expressive; and her figure retained uncommon loveliness and dignity. She walked several times across the room, sighing frequently; and though my grandfather, in the most endearing manner, solicited her to sit, she retired, casting on him the most melting look I ever saw.

The old man took me by the hand; his voice for a while was buried in his feelings. "My poor Jessy," said he, "has had but a bitter draught of this world: I have long endeavored to make it tolerable; but the wise Being who ordains cruel it, thinks it also good to refuse me that comfort. But I will tell thee her story, Harry—I believe I never told it thee:—it is not tedious—and thy heart will not be the worse for such impressions.

"It was in the dead of winter, many years ago, when I followed my profession, that I was called to visit a patient. I had twenty long miles to travel through a country so wild and dismal, that nature certainly never intended it for the residence of human creatures. The mountains were piled one upon another: the stupendous rocks seemed hanging from their sides, and the red roaring torrent was sweeping their basis away. The storm whistled for ever round their rugged tops, and the snow on their shoulders had never been dissolved. The green livery of nature had never been there, or it had been destroyed; and the heath-cock and the wild goat were starving among the blasted heath. Such was the country I had to pass, guided only by a path, which even at midsummer was scarcely discernable.

"I had finished little more than half my journey, when the clouds began to collect, and a sudden evening hastened down upon me.—The storm increased till it blew from all the quarters of heaven; and the snow oppressing the tempest itself, soon buried my ill distinquished path. Unable to proceed and alike unable to return. I trembled lest the snow should overwhelm me, or a sudden torrent sweep me away; and when I thought of the horrors of the night, my soul failed within me.

"The night soon came on: an impenetrable darkness surrounded the earth, which trembled beneath the storm; and the roaring of the waters, and the howling of the tempest, were terrible. Stupified with fear and shivering to death, how could I look for the morning? How the livelong winter night passed, he that poured it down so strong upon me best can tell, for even a dream remaineth not with me.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTE

Of a Royal Visit to Bristol in the Reign of Queen Anne.

PRINCE GEORGE of Denmark, the nominal King, consort to Queen Anne, in passing through this city, appeared on the exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as they might not have been prepared to ask such a guest to their house. But this was not the case with all who saw him; for a person, whose name was John Duddiestone, a bodice-maker, who lived in Corn-street, went up, and asked him if he was not the husband of the Queene, who informed him he was. John Duddiestone told him, he had observed, with a good deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner; telling him, he did not apprehend it was from want of love to the Queen, or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman with him at the same time, informing him, that he had a piece of good beef and pimnh-pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The Prince admired the loyalty of the man, and though he had bespoke a dinner at the White Lion, went with him. When they got to the House, Duddiestone, called to his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down, for the Queen's Husband and another gentleman were come to dine with him. She accordingly came down with a clean bone apron on, and was immediately saluted by the Prince. In the course of the dinner, the Prince asked him if he ever went to London. He said that since the ladies had worn stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whale-bone; whereupon the Prince desired him to take his wife with him, when he went again; at the same time giving him a card, to facilitate his introduction to him at court. In the course of a short time he took his wife behind him to London, and with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the Prince; and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them, they must have new clothes for the occasion; allowing them to chuse for themselves; so they each chose a purple velvet, such as the Prince had on, which was accordingly provided for them; and in that dress they were introduced by the Queen herself, as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, and the only ones in that city who invited the Prince, her husband, to their house; and after the entertainment, the Queen desiring him to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and to use Lady Duddiestone's own words, said to him "Get up, Sir John." He was offered a place under government, which he did not chuse to accept, informing the Queen that he had 50l. out at use: and he apprehended the number of people that he saw about her must be very expensive, therefore that sum was at her service. The Queen made the most grateful acknowledgements; but, as might be supposed declined the loan.

COMMON SENSE.

THERE is much talk (says Pope in one of his letters) of *fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense*, but for common use give me a little of the *common sense*.

MY NATIVE HOME.

SELECTED FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

O'ER breezy hill or woodland glade,
At morning's dawn or closing day,
In Summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver ray;
The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his native home.

While at the foot of some old tree,
As meditation soothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling stream, or whispering wind,
His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his native home.

Tho' love a fragrant couch might weave,
And fortune heap the festive board,
Still mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And reason scorn the splendid hoard;
While he, beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen,
While pomp, and pride and power appear,
At best the glitt'ring plagues of men;
Unsought by those that never roam,
Forgetful of his native home.

Let me to summer's shades retire,
With meditation, and the Muse,
Or round the social winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse;
Tho winds may howl and waters foam,
I still shall bless my native home.

And oh when youth's ecstatic hour,
And passion's glowing noon are past,
Should age behold the tempest lower,
And sorrow bow its keenest blast,
My shade no longer doom'd to roam,
Shall find the grave a peaceful home.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To Miss MARIA L. C.

IF purest angels look with pitying eyes,
On man's frail nature, and confess our woes,
If wearth celestial left its native skies,
To bleed and suffer for our sins below.

Then dearest fair let pity warm thy breast,
The bright example still with zeal pursue,
Smile on the youth that knows not to be blest,
Save when his heart is full of love and you.

CLERIMONT.

A MODERN RAPE OF THE LOCK.

HAPPY the Friseur who in Delia's hair
With tweez'd fingers uncontroul'd may rove,
And happy in his death the Dancing Bear,
Who died to make pomatum for my love.

Last night, as o'er the page of love's despair,
My Delia bent deliciously to grieve;
I stood a treach'rous lout'rer by her chair,
And drew the fatal scissars from my sleeve.

And would that at that instant o'er my thread,
The shears of Atropos had open'd then;
And when I rept the lock from Delia's head,
Had cut me from the sons of men!

She heard the scissars that fair lock divide,
And while my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury-frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy you have spoil'd my wig!"

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE TEST OF VIRTUE.

HORATIO was the son of a nobleman of small fortune, and as he had little to expect from his father, resolved to establish his own fame and fortune in the service of his country. The Navy appeared the most important scene of action, he entered into that department, and in regular course of time he rose to the rank of captain.

About this time he happened to be in England on parole among his friends. In one of the different companies he visited, he was introduced to a young lady of personal and mental accomplishments. Frequent interviews produced a mutual attachment; and at last, the much admired Maria consented to surrender her heart and hand to Horatio.

Scarcely were they married, when he received orders to take command of his ship, and join the squadron off ———. Though with reluctance he left his newly acquired happiness, yet he instantly obeyed, and parted from his amiable bride.

In due time time Maria's grief for the absence of her husband, gave place to the interesting care of a lovely girl; but this opened a new scene of sorrow for Maria: her husband's brother and sister's husband became her admirers, and singly endeavored to undermine her Virtue and Honor;——Maria, bold as virtuous, indignantly refused their unnatural offers.

Pierced to the soul with her contemptuous refusal, they both resolved to ruin her, by destroying her reputation. Amongst their male acquaintance they declared they had taken uncommon liberties with her, in the company of the females they insinuated the glaring impredence of Marias' conduct.—Unparalled inhumanity;—She soon became the topic of every conversation, and Maria, the amiable Maria, soon found herself deserted by those who had first sought her acquaintance, and admired her accomplishments. What must have been the feelings of Maria?—she pined away in anguish and sorrow;—the roses of health faded from her cheeks,—Conscious Innocence could not support her. What must be feelings of Horatio when it first reached his ears?—what the sensations of her sister.

Horatio's father took the disconsolate Maria and her infant to his seat in the country, and endeavored by the most affectionate attention to restore her to peace of mind.

Peace and prosperous winds soon sent Horatio to his native isle:—he landed—and before he reached home received a wound to his happines worse even than death.

Horatio was a man of the strictest honor, but he possessed a sound and deliberate judgment:—he had commanded in war,—he knew also how to command himself;—he hastened to his wife, and embraced her with all the affection of a friend and husband:—he felt as a Man,—but a brother had injured him. He escorted her to all the companies she had formerly visited, and all the public assemblies, where he led her by the hand to those who had known her, and vindicated her innocence and honor, of which he was firmly persuaded in his own mind.

This was manly indeed,—confronting the face of calumny and insult;—for as he pass'd along the rooms, he heard whispers of Maria's disgrace; but struck with amazement, and admiration at his conduct, their whispers ceased in silent approbation. Maria was again beheld in former circles with encreased respect: but her true friends wished to silence the voice of Envy as well as Calumny. They accordingly proposed to her and Horatio that she should be tried by a jury of her most respectable male and female friends;

he readily consented, and so ably defended her cause, as perfectly to prove to their full satisfaction her virtue and innocence. This they made every where public, and the virtues of Maria shone with redoubled lustre.

Peace again enlivened her mind, and the roses of health once more bloomed on her cheeks. Horatio too enjoyed many days of happiness;—but Frederick and Altamons found to their remorse, that they were avoided by every acquaintance—pointed out as objects of universal detestation, and at last obliged to take voluntary exile from their native city.

What a pity that such characters should be found amongst human beings!——How beautiful does Maria appear in the contrast!——How noble is Horatio!——few men would have acted as he did. Yet, *in not so doing* they would have erred.

Were presence of mind and magnanimity more cherished and admired than what is commonly termed courage, or a contempt of death, we should see more great men, and greater actions adorn society, than the world produced in the present age. SERANICUS.

MR. ADDISON.

WHEN Mr. Addison lived in Kensington-square, he took unusual pains to study Montaigne's Essays, but finding little or no information in the chapters, according to what their titles promised, he one day in great anger threw by the book, wearied and confused, but not satisfied.—Said a gentleman present: "Well, sir, what think you of this famous French author?"—"Think," replied he; "Why that a dark dungeon, and fetters, would probably have been of some service to restore this author's infirmity."—"How, sir!" said his friend, "imprison a man for singularity in writing."—"Why not," reply'd Mr. Addison, "had he been a horse, he would have been pounded for straying out of his bounds; and why as a man he ought to be more favored, I really do not understand."

ON BRIBERY.

A POOR man once a judge besought
To judge aright his cause;
And with a pot of old salvtes
This judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good;
He glad away did trudge:
Soon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

A hog well fed this chief presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cried, O partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone:
When all I gave my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

BENEVOLENCE.

THE other day says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
Where'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open.

I own, says Joe, that to the poor
(You prove it every minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 29, 1805.

Thirty-one Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 22d inst.

A passenger on board the Regulator, of Albany, capt. A. Beinap, on his way to New-York, fell overboard, near Mount Pleasant—immediate assistance was given but to no effect, and he was drowned—reports states that he was a merchant from the westward, going to New-York to purchase goods, and had 800 dollars in his pocket at the time the unfortunate accident happened.

Newburgh pap.

On Saturday the 15th inst. was committed to goal in the town of Hackensack, a negro woman belonging to capt. Urish Blan, of New Bridge, for attempting to kill two of her children—fortunately before she was enabled to accomplish the horrid deed, she was discovered, and immediately taken into custody.—She said her intention were to cut the throats of her children, and afterwards put a period to her own existence.

On Friday the 7th inst. the privateer fleet now blockading the harbor of Charlestoa, brought too the ship Minerva, capt. Atkins, from that port to the Coast, capt. A. not immediately complying with their order to hois out his boat and come on board, they threatened to put him in irons. Four men were put on board the ship, and she was detained for further examination, the privateersmen asserting that she was bound to St Domingo, from the circumstance of her having three or four guns and a small quantity of gunpowder on board. When the pilot boat left the fleet she same evening, the ship was still in company.

From a number accounts from the Mediterranean, it is probable Lord Nelson's fleet had gone to Egypt, in search of the Toulon squadron. A large fleet, however had sailed for the West Indies: and the places of some of them, in the Channel fleet, had been supplied by Sir John Orde's squadron.

RANDOLPH, June 10.

With regret, we record the melancholy death of Mr. John Hoyt of this town.—About ten days since, he left this place, on horseback, for the purpose of buying some land; and on Sunday morning, the 21st inst. he was found dead, hanging by a bridle, in a new house, in Morristown, in the upper part of this state. When he was found, he stood square with one foot on the sill of the house, the other foot was swinging. The bridle, which was fastened very closely, had cut into his neck in a most shocking manner. From the appearance of his face, which was considerably fly-blown around his mouth, it was judged he hung himself the day before. His horse was found near the house tied close to a fence with a throat-latch and one of the mail-straps; with the other mail-strap he had fastened his saddle-bags to the fence, and his hat was carefully laid down upon the sill of the house. He had 50 dollars sewed up in his pocket-book. He was a remarkably steady, prudent, industrious young man, 25 years of age, and has parents living in Newton, (N. J.)

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAIL honored Wedlock's sacred ties,
The crown of life is thine,
Pure fount of social sweet delights,
To Adam's virtuous line.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, last week, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. *Richard Lewis*, of Poughkeepsie, to Mrs. *Wilson*, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, capt. *Gurdon Parker*, to Miss *Mary Ryckman*, both of this city.

At Brooklyn, Long-Island, by the Rev. Mr. Harman Duggett, Mr. *William Beal*, to Miss *Polly Leak*, of that place.

MORTALITY.

ENWRAPT in slumber's arms thus ALL will rest,
'Till the loud clarion's voice shall bid them rise;
Then will the pious hear the angels blest,
Hail kindred spirits to their native skies.

DIED,

At Brooklyn, on Monday last, in the 79th year of his age, LAMBERT MOORE, Esq. a gentleman who sustained an unblemished character through a long life, and filled many important offices under the British government during its sovreignty over the American colonies.

At Charleston, in the prime of life, Dr. ALEXANDER HOGG, a native of Scotland, much respected.

Books and *Stationary*

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

Public Dealer of Weights, Measures, Scale Beams, and Yards; No. 250 Water Street, four doors west of Peck-Slip. Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and sheet iron ware, and keeps on hand a general assortment of Scales, Weights & Measure with a variety of Japanned, Pewter, and hollow ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures adjusted and sealed at a short notice.

March 16, 1805. tf 548.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 BROAD-STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he continues to receive Commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

*** A few Servants on the Books, well recommended.

May 25, 1805 855. tf.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,

FIVE DOORS EAST OF BEEKMAN-SLIP,

G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of his friends and the public, to his Circulating Library.

The collection now offered, (of Novels only) though small is well chosen; and to which if encouragement offers, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit, as soon as they appear. Catalogues delivered gratis.

For sale as above a handsome assortment of Book and Stationery. March 23, 1805.

COURT OF APOLLO.

LINES,

IN THE MANNER OF SHENSTONE.

HOW bright was my youth's early morn.
Ere reflection had clouded my brow;
I selected the rose from the thorn,
And was happy I hardly knew how.

I join'd in the sports of the plain—
With rapture I hear'd the blithe song:
In the dance, I was first of the train,
And was gayest among the gay throng.

'Tis true my heart oft breath'd a sigh,
But it rose from mild pity alone;
If a tear sometimes stray'd from my eye,
It flow'd not from griefs of its own.

No sorrow corroded my heart,
No falsehood awaken'd a fear;
For my bosom a stranger to art,
Believ'd ev'ry friend was sincere.

But ah! these fair visions of youth,
Disappointment has chas'd from my mind!
And the friends whom I fancied all truth,
Alas! can be sometimes unkind.

I have seen the bright azure of morn,
With darkness and clouds shadow'd o'er;
I have found that the rose has a thorn,
Which will wound when its bloom is no more.

The sigh that from simpathy rose,
Now heaves not for others alone;
And the tear as it silently flows,
Confesses a source of its own.

ANECDOTE.

DAGGER MARR, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-lane theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, one day, while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any three of them, and gobble up so much of the bread, that Dagger to red out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, "*Get out of that you gobb'ling rascal, I perceive you are a manager!*"

NOTICE.

The creditors of John Old, and Gilbert Purdy, insolvent debtors, confined in the goal of the county of Bergen, are hereby notified that the judges of the inferior Court of Common Pleas of said county, have appointed to meet at the Court House in New-Barbadoes in said county, on the twenty ninth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to hear what can be alleged for or against the liberation of the said debtors, pursuant to the laws of New-Jersey in such case made and provided, and agreeable to the petition of the said insolvents.

JOHN OLD,
GILBERT PURDY.

Bergen County Goal, June 17, 1805. 859. 6t.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

A large supply of the best Holland QUILLS, by the thousand, hundred or quarter.

MORALIST.

REPROVING is the office of a true friend, a benefit none can want but those that are disposing themselves to ruin, by concealing such loads of guilt as in the end will be ominous. Great art is required to shoot the arrows of reproof, lest they return and fall upon the archers head, for want of considering the greatness of the person against whom they are levelled; the words, the time, the place, and many other circumstances, are absolutely necessary in the discharge of this duty. Reproofs are allowed to be warm, because it discovers a certain zealous affection, which renders it grateful; but, if it grow so hot as to scald of the skin of another's reputation, it is reproaching rather than reproving, which by all means ought to be avoided, even to persons under the meanest circumstances, who, though they have no reputation, are yet tender in keeping up the belief of it in others.

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Rule) No 114 Broad-way opposite the City Hotel.

Ladies fine Braces, do. Elastic worked & common Garters.

Smith's purified Chimical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for totally, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s each.

Smith's Chemical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soaps 3s. per square.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grisse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s, and 6d per lb.

Violet, double iceneRose at and 6d.

Smith's favoynette royal pale, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s and 8s per pot do. pale.

Smith's chimical Demiscise Tooth Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; however his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes.—Almond powder for the skin, 8d lb.

Smith's Cocoa's Oil, for guffing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chimical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's reinbraced Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

*** THE best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissars, Tortoise shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. ☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

Ladies and Gentlemens pocket books,

ACADEMY,

No. 57 ROOSEVELT-STREET.

THE Subscribers have this day opened their ACADEMY as above. Duly sensible how delicate and important parents justly confider the charge committed to us, I shall ever be our ambition to evince that their confidence is not misplaced.

A morning school will commence on the first of May.

S. MOOR,
J. M'KEEN.

April 27 1805. 841 tf

Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street, to No. 13 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so near in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the fourth set, without incurring the highest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy his attention to extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentlemen at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 13 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a desirable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at C. and R. Wates Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

March 2, 1805. 843 tf

LITERATURE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Beaver-street as usual, and will open another the first of May in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Greed and Orchard-Street, now occupied by Mr. Whappo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality, and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy and there with a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds, &c. upon the most reasonable terms.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON & WOOLEN DYER, & CALLICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from WILLIAM-STREET.

CLEANS and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with accuracy; all kinds of gentlemens Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair shawls cleaned and coloured. He has also opened a HOT CALLENDER. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Bell Ranting BLUE upon Cotton and Linnen; Dyer fluffs for sale.

June 1 1805. 856. 1y.

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